Little Fox Readers

Level 4

Thumbelina 11

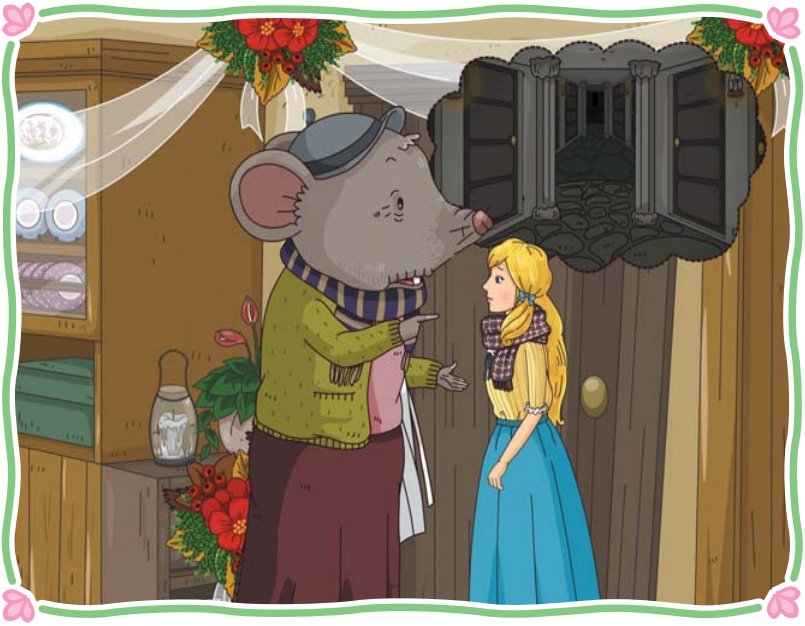
Seeing an Old Friend

Little Fox

The wedding was only a few days away. The dress was made. Mrs. Gray was busy preparing the food. She had even sent out invitations to her friends.

Thumbelina had to escape. But it was still very cold outside.

"What am I going to do?" she said to herself.



"Thumbelina, we must leave now." Mrs. Gray took her hand.

"Where are we going?" asked Thumbelina.

Mrs. Gray's nose wiggled. "Mr. Rufus wants you to see your future home," she said excitedly. "He's invited us for tea."

Mr. Rufus was waiting by the back

door when the mouse opened it.

"Oh, Mr. Rufus!" said Mrs. Gray, surprised.

"I had to come and get you," he grunted. "There is a small problem."

"What is it?" cried the mouse in alarm.

"The tunnel leading to my home is damaged," Mr. Rufus said. "I will show

you.” He turned and walked down the dark tunnel.

“Bring the lantern, Thumbelina,” said Mrs. Gray. “And stay close to me.”

They followed Mr. Rufus down the dark tunnel. Thumbelina could see only Mrs. Gray’s tail ahead of her.

Suddenly Thumbelina saw light up

ahead. The tunnel had caved in from above. A beam of sunshine was shining through the hole. A bird lay on the tunnel floor. It was not moving.

"What happened?" asked Mrs. Gray.

"This nasty bird crashed into our tunnel," Mr. Rufus said, poking the bird with his cane.

“Is the bird dead?” asked Mrs. Gray. “What shall we do?”

Thumbelina stepped closer and held the lantern over the bird.

“Oh, it can’t be!” she suddenly cried out.

“It’s dreadful, I know,” Mr. Rufus said kindly. “But don’t worry. I’ve taken care of everything.”

But the mole didn't know what really upset Thumbelina. There was a piece of string tied around the bird's leg. It was her friend Pete.

"I've spoken to Slim," said Mr. Rufus. "He'll remove the bird in a few days."

"Slim, the coyote?" said Mrs. Gray.

"A coyote?" repeated Thumbelina.

"Slim will take the body," explained Mr. Rufus. "Then I can fix the tunnel."

Thumbelina stared at the dead bird.

"My poor friend," she whispered. She began crying.

"Are you okay, my dear?" asked Mrs. Gray.

"No, I'm not," cried Thumbelina. She

ran back through the dark tunnel toward Mrs. Gray's house.

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